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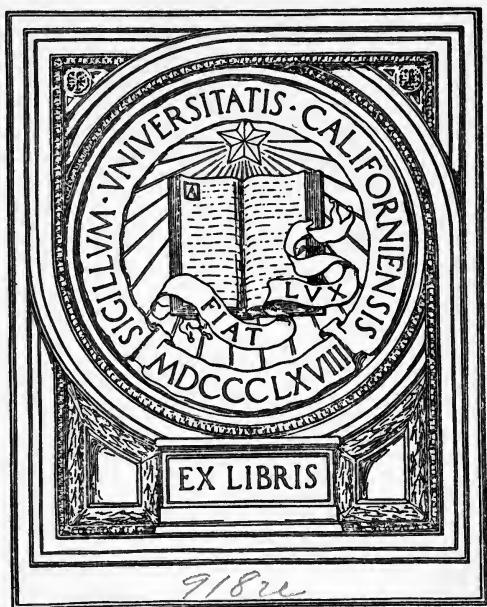
YALE VERSE



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CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS

1872-1933

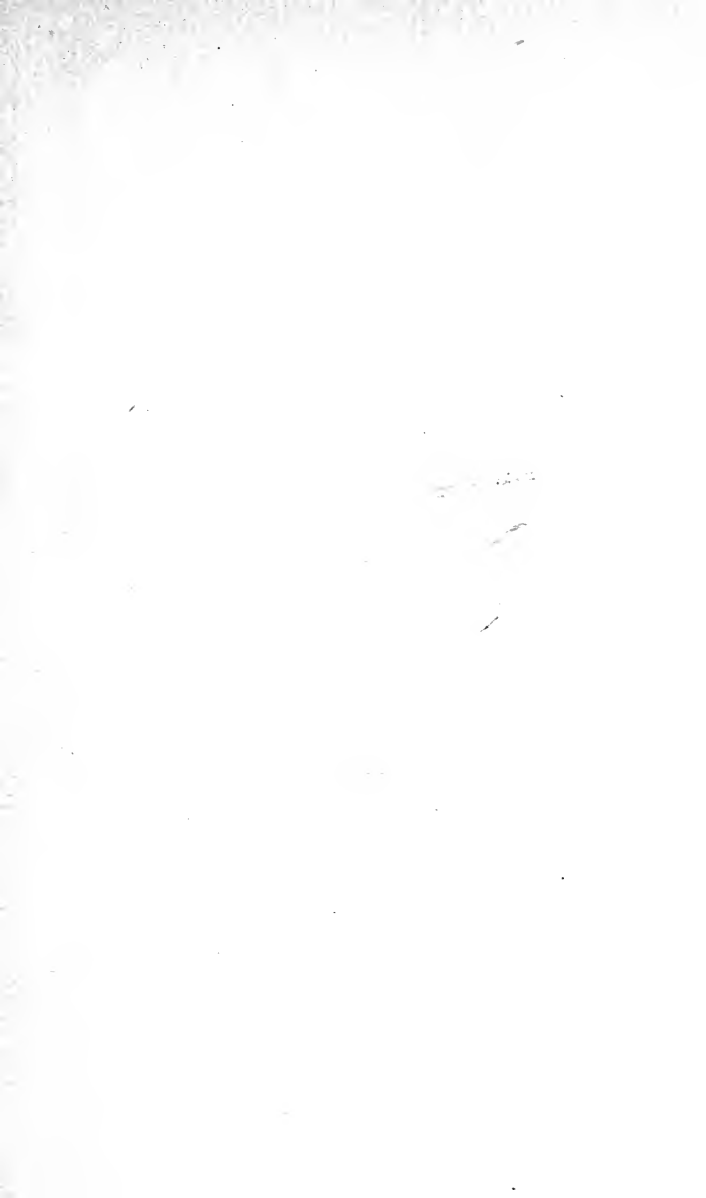


This book belonged to Chauncey Wetmore Wells. He taught in Yale College, of which he was a graduate, from 1897 to 1901, and from 1901 to 1933 at this University.

Chauncey Wells was, essentially, a scholar. The range of his reading was wide, the breadth of his literary sympathy as uncommon as the breadth of his human sympathy. He was less concerned with the collection of facts than with meditation upon their significance. His distinctive power lay in his ability to give to his students a subtle perception of the inner implications of form, of manners, of taste, of the really disciplined and discriminating mind. And this perception appeared not only in his thinking and teaching but also in all his relations with books and with men.



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YALE VERSE

COMPILED BY
CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, JR.



NEW YORK
MAYNARD, MERRILL, & CO.
1899

THE
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IN MEMORIAM
C.W. Wells

NOTE

An editor's judgment, at best, is only personal, and it is certain that there are omissions from this volume that many will regret ; it is hoped, however, that at least the spirit of the undergraduate verse of the last decade at Yale is fairly represented.

The contents of the book, without exception, have been taken from the files of the *Yale Courant*, the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and the *Yale Record*, and to the editorial boards of these papers, without whose co-operation Yale Verse could not have been compiled, and to Mr. C. W. Wells, '96, for valuable assistance, the editor's thanks are due.

NEW YORK, *December, 1898.*

TO

L. W. B.

*These idle songs of yesterday
Must now the idle hours betray
Of that brief unforgotten time
Of primroses and bells achime,
And hopes and fears too sweet to stay.*

*So all of youth our roundelay ;
No rapt heroics we essay,
Nor to the clear cold heights may climb
These idle songs.*

*No ! of the valleys green and gay
(Our caps and gowns a merry mime
Of caps and bells) we make our rhyme ;
Worthless ? Ah, that's for you to say,
For whom were gathered by the way
These idle songs.*

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O FONS BANDUSIAE!

A LAMENT

O FOUNTAIN of Bandusia blest!
The world's been growing sadly old,
Since first thy sacred waters ran
In sparkling rivulets of gold.

The nymphs that made the echoes ring,
In grot and grave, with laughter gay,
Long, long ago grew sore dismayed
And with the satyrs fled away.

Now all is still where white-robed priests
Once chanted round some holy shrine ;
And broods the silence of the tomb
Where sat the sacred sisters nine.

O FONS BANDUSIAE!

O Fountain of Bandusia blest!

Our hearts are sad—we sigh with thee,
And yearn for Pan and shepherd's reeds
And old-time, pastoral revelry.

But Pan is dead. Long, long ago
They snapped his shepherd's reed in twain.
Thy streams flow on thro' endless years,
But Pan will ne'er come back again.

SONGS OF THE SNOW

I

PRELUDE

BEAUTIFUL snow ! O children of cloud !

The day is departing, the night cometh
on,

And the soft, cloistral face of the night
overbowed

Looks down through her wavering veil
like a nun.

The sound of the church bells drops over
the air,

And my thoughts through old stories
and strange legends go.

SONGS OF THE SNOW

Lady Irmingarde kneels at her window
in prayer

Till on her cold eyelids the morning
winds blow.

II

CHRISTMAS EVE

The Abbot is counting his beads in his
cell

With a flagon beside him. The Abbot
drinks well,

And he'll empty it oft ere the first matin
bell.

All's quiet, all's well!

"Hist! Brother Menander, a word in
thine ear!

I'll show thee a way, if the corridor's
clear,

SONGS OF THE SNOW

To the Abbot's own cellar. The Abbot
may hear?

Never fear, never fear!"

So Brother Menander, and bold Brother
John,

Creeping barefoot and scared, reached the
cellar anon,

While outside the moon the cold snow-
fields upon

Shone bitter and wan.

But whether they drank till the first
matin bell

And were caught by the Abbot, no
chronicles tell,

But I know it was Christmas eve when it
befell,

And all quiet and well.

SONGS OF THE SNOW

III

THE CAROL SINGER

Gentles all, or knights or ladies,
Happiness be yours, alway !
Dance and caroling our trade is,
But we sing for love to-day.

Merry lads and dainty lasses
Trip beneath the mistletoe ;
Dance to sound of clinking glasses,
Bells are ringing o'er the snow.

By the look that on your face is,
Sweet, my song is worth a kiss ;
There is weeping in cold places,
We must laugh the more in this.

SONGS OF THE SNOW

Gentles all, or knights or ladies,
Happiness be yours, always !
Dance and caroling our trade is,
But we sing for love to-day.

IV

L'ENVOI

Cold winds sighing,
Cold flakes flying,
Cold boughs waving to and fro ;
Cold days colder,
Old dreams older,
With the moving seasons grow.

But whatever
Snows may shiver

TO A MOTH

Through the trees, or bleak winds blow,
Still forever
Flows the river
Underneath the ice and snow.

TO A MOTH

CRUSHED WITHIN THE LEAVES OF AN
ILIAD

POOR Creature! nay, I'll not say poor,
Why, surely, thou art wondrous blest ;
Right royal is this sepulcher
Fate gave thee for thy last long rest.

See here—'tis but two lines above
The spot that marks thy early tomb—
Here Paris breathes his burning love
To her who compassed Ilia's doom.

TO A MOTH

And here, upon a neighboring page,
The great Achilles moans his friend,
All careless, in his kingly rage,
Of bane or curse the gods may send.

Above, below thee, everywhere,
Fierce Trojan strives with wily Greek ;
And mighty lords, with tawny hair,
Deep words of war and wisdom speak.

The high gods gaze upon thee here,
Great warriors guard thy resting-place—
Perchance thou see'st a burning tear
Steal down Briseis' home-turned face.

Aye ! rest content, for thou hast won,
A tomb that kings might wish in vain,
About thee shines the all-seeing sun,
And roars the many-sounding main.

THE BALLAD OF POET'S LOVE

BALLADE A DOUBLE REFRAIN

If it were not for you, O Vanessas,
With your eyes of "the night" or "the
blue,"
With your "raven" or "sun-lighted"
tresses,
Pray what would our poetry do?
But though we write verses to you,
And vow that we never shall part,
Remember that all his life through
The poet must love for his art.

Were it not for the blush that confesses
The secret the heart hardly knew,

THE BALLAD OF POET'S LOVE

And the thrill of the poet who
guesses,

Pray what would our poetry do?
Forgive us, then, if we but woo
For a time and to others depart.
Light Fancy is all we pursue;
The poet must love for his art.

Were it not for those clinging
caresses,

The sweet lips that falter "Be true,"
And the coy little "Noes " that are
"Yeses"—

Pray what would our poetry do?
In clasping or dreaming of you
Rich fancies most glowingly start,
Inspiration we gather anew—
The poet must love for his art.

AN OPHELIA OF TO-DAY

L'ENVOI

Sweet maids, did we yearn not for you,
Pray what would our poetry do?
Ah, flash of the passionate heart!
The poet must love for his art.

AN OPHELIA OF TO-DAY

“And from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets
spring.”

—*Hamlet, IV.*

HIGH up the silent river's grassy bank,
Beneath a lonely oak tree, is a mound;
The head is by a dying rose-bush
crowned,
Across whose roots there lies a rotting
plank
That long ago did bear a woman's name.

AN OPHELIA OF TO-DAY

The breeze that sets the grass in rolling
waves

Breathes forth a gentle violet scent that
saves

The dismal place from all unkindly fame.
She is at rest. She might not sleep, poor
child,

In holy ground; for she herself gave
back

Her gift of life to Him from whom it
came.

But Nature, in her mood of mercy mild
Unwilling that all love her child should
lack,

Now by this sweetest pall removes
all blame.

BY PERCEE'S RILL

MANY and many a time, Mary,
For many and many a year,
The sun's come up all bright to shine
Upon the greenwood, dear.
And many and many a day, love,
He's dropt behind the hill
That stands above Mackormel lea
Just back of Percee's rill.

I've heard the cocks crow far away,
The red cock flap his wing,
I've seen the gray dawn set afire,
I've heard the wood-birds sing.

BY PERCEE'S RILL

A summer's day, they seem to say,
The sun is up and merry,
The cream is thick, the air is soft,
Your love is in the dairy.

And oft betimes at harvesting
He melts the frosty dew,
He wakes the partridge and the thrush
And, sweet one, wakens you.
He comes when ice throws back to him
His red, raw, burning face
And down the valley by the hill
The winter night winds race.

To-day I lie by Percee's rill,
I hear its restful flow,
And wonder through what channels, dear,
Our blessèd love will go.

BY PERCEE'S RILL

For mine is like the great red sun
And shines and shines on you
With all the fire he sends at dawn
To dry the morning dew.

I think no wind can chill my love,
No storm can beat it down,
No early frost can wither it
And make its freshness brown.
But we are young in life, my love,
I dream by Percee's rill,
And that flows through the long burnside
And far beyond the hill.

Oh, lithesome lass, the brooks and braes
We've wandered by together,
The long green hills, the summer downs,
The waving grass and heather !

BY PERCEE'S RILL

My happy love of careless days,
How many pranks we've played,
How oft in snow-white daisy-fields
With thoughtless songs we've strayed!

I've seen you climb the paddock fence
And hiding in the fern.

We guddled for the spinney trout
In deep Kilkirtle's burn.

The russet apples, rosy cheeked,

We've feasted on together,

And berries red and berries blue

We've found in sunny weather.

So prank and song come back to-day,

I lie by Percee's rill

A-dreamin' of the dear lang syne

With summer on the hill.

BY PERCEE'S RILL

'Twas then my sun first rose all red,
Langsyne and small and glowing,
And every day and every year
I've found him still a-growing.

Till now he's in the mid-day sky
With ne'er a thought of sinking,
But yonder are the western hills,
And so I'm sadly thinking
That some time he will slip away
Across an evening sky,
Behind the hill and in the sea
Will lay him down and die.

It may be cantie, cantie years,
It may be days of sorrow,
It may be love will set to-night
And never bring to-morrow.

MAY-DAY

And so I muse by Percee's rill,
The long, still morning hours ;
The sun shines down a golden warmth
On honey bees and flowers.

MAY-DAY

" PRETTY mistress of the Maying,
Maiden fair of many graces,
While I watch you at your playing
Tell me whether maidens' faces,
Dainty pale or blushing bright,
Can be ever read aright ?

" Master Mournful, I have seen you,
Seen you too, sir, softly sighing,"—
Says the poet,—“ say what mean you,
(No demurring, no denying) .

SONG

Can it be Love's cruel dart
Is imbedded in your heart?"

Loving is an easy sorrow,
Sunshine always comes to-morrow:
All they need is but the saying—
 (Saying, far the sweetest part)—
She the mistress of the Maying,
He the master of her heart.

SONG

As a dreamer in the shade,
When the day is dim,
Heedeth only sylvan glade,
Time is naught to him ;
So I reck nor time nor grieving,
Only thee and love's believing.

HORACE IN NEW HAVEN

If thine arms are stretched to me
When the violets blow,
When through buds of hawthorn-tree
Sifted blossoms go ;
So I reck nor time nor gain,
But thy kisses brought again.

HORACE IN NEW HAVEN

I

INTEGER VITÆ

THE man that promptly settles with the
bursar
Needs not a pull to win his way thro'
college,
Nor need he heed *Φ. B. K.*'s curse, or
Envy her knowledge.

HORACE IN NEW HAVEN

Whether th' inhospitable Welch receive
him

Or in South Middle dark his path and
rough be,

Still shall the dean, with gracious smile,
believe him,

Whate'er his bluff be.

For as I wandered to my room last Mon-
day,

Singing his praise who had my bill
receipted,

Fierce Mr. Hotchkiss, who had cut me
Sunday,

Pleasantly greeted.

Throw me in White, in Farnam (which is
worse), or

HORACE IN NEW HAVEN

Far in the halls remote of Pierson land
me,
The sweetly singing, sweetly smiling
bursar
Still shall command me.

II

PERSICOS ODI

Boy, I detest these modern innovations,
The *Voice* crusade may alter some
men's habit,
But, as for me, I'll stick to my old rations,
Ale and a rarebit.

In vino vis. The pious dames of Ipswich,
Knowing its worth and fearing lest
men waste it,

HORACE IN NEW HAVEN.

Condemn its use in christening battle-
ships, which
Can't even taste it.

Old Cato Major (and, no doubt, his wife,
too),
Found in Falernian, mixed with milder
Massic,
Courage which led him at his time of life,
to
Read the Greek classic.

Yes, Cato drank, nor should we lightly
damn a
Man who, at eighty and without coer-
cion,
Mastered Liddell and Scott, and Hadley's
grammar,
My pet aversion.

MOUNT OSCEOLA

Elihu's ways, they say, are growing sinful,
Crimes that are nameless are committed
daily.

Oscar! my toby, and I'll sin a skinful,
So to bed gayly.

MOUNT OSCEOLA

SOUTH lie the lakes, the Past's broad
monotone,

Save where an islet shows a hope fulfilled.

North rise the mountain solitudes, alone
Knowing the cloud-wrapped Future,
heaven-willed.

MATER DOLOROSA

HIS Mother, Our Lady of Sorrows,
Stood alone on Calvary's hill,
Three crosses reeled against the sky
And all the world was still.

They came to Our Lady of Sorrows,
Came gently to lead her away,
But she set her face towards that cross on
high
And watched through the fearful day.

Then they said, "Dear Lady of Sorrows,
Still thine anguish and raise thine head,
For a Prince has come to His Father's
home!"

But she answered, "My Son is dead."

SONG

AFTER the singing birds are gone
And the leaves are parched and low,
When the kind old earth is gaunt and
worn,
Then comes the snow.

Hushed are the world's discordant notes
By the soft hand of snow,
And the beauty of its silence floats
Across me ere I know.

Oh ! when the silver cord is loosed
And the golden bowl is broken,
And the spirit poured on the air unused,
As one hath spoken,

THEY FOUGHT SO WELL

After the last faint throb of breath
And the jar of life's outflow,
After the fever, may not death
Be like the snow?

THEY FOUGHT SO WELL

THEY fought so well to fill a distant
grave!

Lightly they ran to soothe and help and
save,

For there was heard afar a feeble moan.

With livid flash the hellish cannon
shone,

And threw a saddened light on what they
gave.

It was not for themselves that they were
brave;

THEY FOUGHT SO WELL

Naught else but Right eternal they would
 crave,
And leaped with ravishment to fall
 unknown,
 They fought so well!

The bitter bondage wrenched and left the
 slave ;
Their bones the secret clefts and valleys
 pave.
But with the clinging grasses over-
 grown,
A lasting spell is round about them
 thrown ;
We feel the stir in airs that o'er them
 wave,
 They fought so well.

D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE

FIFTY leagues, fifty leagues—and I ride,
and I ride—

Fifty leagues as the black crow flies.

None of the three are by my side . . .

The black horse reels, and the black
horse dies—

But I ride, and I ride

To Callice.

We were four, we were four—and I ride,
and I ride—

We were four, but Porthos lies

God knows where by the highway-
side . . .

D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE

The roan horse reels, and the roan horse
dies—

But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were three, we were three—and I
ride, and I ride—

We were three ; but Aramis lies
Fettered and bound and chained and
tied . . .

The dun horse reels, and the dun horse
dies—

But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

We were two, we were two—and I ride,
and I ride—

We were two, but the devil's spies

D'ARTAGNAN'S RIDE

Tore brave Athos from my side . . .
The bay horse reels, and the bay horse
dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

All alone, all alone—and I ride, and I
ride—
All alone, and an ambush lies
God knows where by the highway-
side . . .
The gray horse reels, and the gray horse
dies—
But I ride, and I ride
To Callice.

SVEND THE BLACK

SING ye the saga of Svend the Black,
Who dwelt in the fiord where the white
waves foam.

Fleeter than wolves on the reindeer's
track

Was the keel of his vessel speeding home.

And fiercer than wolves were his fighting
men,

The *Dragon's* brood, they were called
afar,

Ne'er were such warriors seen till then
Under the light of the pale North Star.

SVEND THE BLACK

They put to sea one wintry day,
When the winds blew shrill, and the driv-
ing sleet
Followed the ship as she sailed away
Down to where fiord and ocean meet.

They sailed away at Yuletide cheer;
They would come, they said, ere many a
day—
When winds were gentle and skies were
fair,
The *Dragon* would anchor within the bay.

But years rolled by and Yuletides passed,
And warriors grew into sages wise,
Yet never a glimpse of the *Dragon's*
mast
Came to gladden the watcher's eyes.

SVEND THE BLACK

But mariners tell that at Yuletide cheer,
When darkness falls on the raging sea,
Like ghastly echoes they seem to hear
Faint, far-off sounds of revelry.

And wild o'er the roar of the night
waves' foam

There rings the skoal! of the *Dragon's*
men,

'Tis Svend and his warriors speeding
home

To the haven they never shall see again.

THE CORPSE'S CLOCK

BLACK sea and sandy dune;
The driven storm-wrack veils the moon.
Hark to the corpse's clock—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

White face and eyes that stare;
Seaweed twined in dripping hair.
Sounds forth the corpse's clock—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!

AFTER READING "THE MANLY
HEART"

SING me not thy madrigal,
Love hath wedded sorrow,
Buds that shattered are to-day
Cannot bloom to-morrow.

Blossoms that delight the tree
Are but poorly cherished,
If they fade disconsolate
And lie sadly perished.

Surely, if some graces be
Very far above her,
'Tis her frailty maketh but
Better cause to love her.

AFTER READING "THE MANLY HEART"

When I see the day-morn ride
O'er the western willow,
Looking through the morning sky
Down upon my pillow,

To its evening glory then
All my heart is turning
And to her that keepeth still
All my heart a-burning.

Sing me not thy madrigal,
For I saw in sleeping,
Love had tears within her eyes,
Love that was a-weeping.

PICTURES IN SEASON

GRAY sky, gray sea,
A white sail slipping listlessly
Over the quiet heave —
Of the water that catches the light on the
rise
Ere it rolls to the trough and in dull drab
dies.
—The sail is lost in the dreary skies.

Gray fields, gray sky,
A white-plumed bird wings slowly by
Seeking the banished sun.
Now a bird, now a shape, now a dot on
the gray ;

PICTURES IN SEASON

It is gone, there is only the fading day
Whose death-song moans in the guant
tree's sway.

Gray eyes, gray gown,
A glance—the lashes sweeping down
Rest on a white, white cheek.
As a picture that trembles through up-
welling tears
Is effaced in the sobbing, so disappears
This fancy, too, in the mist of years.

DOWN THE ROAD

WE passed in silence down the road
To where a narrow footpath led
Aslant the pasture-land, that showed
The quivering heat of July's sun
Against the hillsides green ahead.

In silence, for the weeks had gone
Unheeded in the happiness
That comes of friendship's treasures won,
Till all unmarked the time had come
For separation, merciless.

One moment by the path we stood,
One moment lay her hand in mine,
While sweeping o'er me like a flood

DOWN THE ROAD

The weeks, returning, lived again,
And thrilled me like a chord divine.

Unfound the words we strove to say ;
A brief good-by, a quivering look,
Then turned we to our onward way,
Which, widening evermore since then,
Each from the other further took.

Yet though our paths still further bend
Asunder, not as unfulfilled
The promise of that day's sweet pain,
For in my heart its angel-strain
Still lingers, nor is ever stilled.

FROM THE CLASS POEM OF 1890

THE star that at even
Slips out of the hush
Of the dim western heaven,
Now stripped of its flush,

Far off in the bleakness
Stands sternly alone,
And looks down on our weakness,
Our laughter and moan.

O star of the cheerless,
That all through the night
Shinest on with that fearless
Imperious light

FROM THE CLASS POEM OF 1890

On the sad and the lonely
 Who know thee indeed,
On the poor who know only
 The depth of their need,

Having watched an existence
 Thou wilt shine on its tomb,
O Silent Persistence,
 My spirit illumine !

By the porphyry portals,
 Old Israel sings,
The star-clad Immortals
 Stand wrapped in their wings.

Around them the beauty
 Of heaven is shed,
And the straight path of duty
 By nature they tread.

ARBUTUS

But thou, in thy haunted
Cold desert alone,
Thy courage undaunted
Thine own is—thine own.

The courage to gaze in
The face of the night
And all her dark maze in
Thy face to keep bright.

ARBUTUS

THOU tiny prophecy in pink and white,
That, ere the April rains are fully
dried,
Creepest between the dead leaves into
sight,
A fairy message from the underside

ARBUTUS

Of this decay, to tell us what sweet things
 Shall in their season blossom and grow
 fair,
And fling their morning perfume on the
 wings
Of the soft winds that roam the summer
 air.

I would that thou could'st teach me how
 to wake,
 Among the dead leaves of my passing
 days,
Some flower of thought or deed for whose
 sweet sake
I might seem nobler to mine inward
 gaze.

OPHELIA

SWEET Isabella's art was not like thine,
Nor Beatrice's wit ; the dignity
Of Henry's wifely queen was not in
thee,

Nor in thy soul did Portia's wisdom shine ;
Still less the fire of humbled Katherine ;
Nor might thy saddened heart the
gayety

Of that bright spirit feel, who, calm and
free,
Made Arden's forests glow with warmth
divine.

For thee the suffering love of Juliet ;
Miranda's modesty ; a gentle pride

THE LAMENT

Like that which brav'd harsh Lear's
imperious throne ;
A generous heart like Hero's, to forget
All wrongs ; the mildness of Othello's
bride ;
And a sweet purity that was all thine
own !

THE LAMENT

I SAW thy white sail sinking in the sea,
I saw the white gulls gliding down the
sky—
And waves and shores reeled o'er me
mistily,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

THE LAMENT

The gray mist rose and wrapped about me
there,

Upon my heart its chill doth ever lie—
The shroud of joy, my grief and my despair,

Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

God giveth us the night to weep and pray
And tears upon my pillow ever lie—
For darkness covers all with thee away,

Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

My bud of life is drooping with a blight,
For thou art gone, and desolate am I—
A lost bark plunging through eternal
night,

Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

SONG

LADY, when at evening hour
In thy love-hued, shadowy bower
 Thou dost pray,
But a moment in the nest
Of thy musing let me rest,
 If I may.

There is little in my life
That is noble—often strife,
 But victory rare ;
And the thought would help me lonely,
I would cover it and only
 Know 'twas there.

A REVERIE

THOU calm and sober moon aswing
At anchor in the starry deep,
Pour forth that palest gift of thine
On gnarly oak, on ash and pine,
Who rustle oft in restless sleep,
When soft the sighing night-winds creep.

Bend down thy glance upon the wave
In streaming veil, where dancing ship
May sail along thy genial track,
And plow thy curling whiteness back ;
Where dolphins brawn may flash and dip,
And sea-birds, sadly crooning, sit.

MOUNTAIN FLOWER

Where'er thou art, on land or sea,
In rambles through black meadow-lands
Or regions vast and cold and north,
Where broods wan silence over earth,
Fling cables white, from whiter hands,
To bind me with their silver strands.

MOUNTAIN FLOWER

THE shredded mists fly o'er it where it
 peeps
 Through weary wastes of crumbling
 dull-gray stone,
And chill winds beat upon it as it keeps
 Its silent watch alone.

Red-limned upon bleak granite shows its
 face,

MOUNTAIN FLOWER

Like some faint sunset spark from kind-
 lier skies,
And so it glimmers on a little space,
 Then, uncomplaining, dies.

Sweet smiling in the sunny vales below,
 Bloom dark wild roses, yet men heed
 them not,
But thou, weak flower that dost not fear
 the snow,
Art not so soon forgot.

THERE'S ONE KEEPS WATCH

SHE stood without the City wall,
Her soft eyes dim with weeping,
And tremblingly an entrance sought,
But all the guards were sleeping.
For the night is dark and the hour late
And none keep watch at the wicket gate.

She stood without the City wall.
The long night rains, beginning,
Swept through the naked, moaning
trees,
A host of terrors bringing.
When storms are wild and waters deep
Are there none keep watch while others
sleep?

FALL

She stood without the City wall.
Across the night rain falling,
From out the opened wicket gate
There came a sweet Voice calling.
For though the night be dark and late,
There's One keeps watch at the wicket
gate.

FALL

THERE were roses in her hair
Still wet with dew,
And hovering there—
A flash of blue in her sun-kissed curls—
Was a little bird.
Even as I looked it flew
Swift as the breeze away,

FALL

And the rose leaves, shriveled, in eddy-
ing whirls

Fell in her way.

Nor speech, nor word

She murmured, but as clouds of mist

Fade slowly in the sun,

So she, nor wist

That mortal looked on her, as I had done,

And ere it vanished, vision chaste and fair,

The first light snowflake floated in the
air.

TWILIGHT VOICES

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ

ὑπνὸ δότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων

βρωτῶν ἐξεβόθεν ἴθι.

—EURIPIDES.

HASTEN, O Night! ye queenly transcend-
ent,

Bearing sweet rest from the region of
shade,

Mounted on wings though dark yet re-
splendent

That woo to forgetfulness hillside and
glade!

Cease thy dark flight—a worn heart con-
fesses

The peace that it knows in thy silken
caresses.

TWILIGHT VOICES

Damp are thy garments and damp thy
black tresses,
But bright is thy crown with starlight
inlaid.

Soft be the breezes that play on the
meadows,

Tender the light of the stars in the sky ;
Laid be the spirits whose shrouds are
the shadows

That darken the heart and that deaden
the eye.

Let me forget while the moments are fly-
ing

The discords of life that, in bitterness cry-
ing,

Tell us of loveliness suffering, dying,
Tell us no tale but ends in a sigh.

TWILIGHT VOICES

Far in the distance I hear the waves roll-
ing

On with the sound of the trampling sea ;
Aloft from yon tower the death bells are
tolling

Stern admonitions to thee and to me.
Rest there is none for the feet that grow
weary

In scaling the heights, and all nature,
though cheery,

Yet chants to herself a low miserere,—
Maybe a dirge for the souls that go free.

Sleep ! let me rest till the gates that are
golden

Turn on the hinge of melodious sound ;
Let my lone couch be the forest whose
olden

TWILIGHT VOICES

Trunks and gnarled arms keep the
shadows around.

We, like the oaks beneath deep mosses
sleeping,

No care shall disturb of busy winds
creeping

O'er my low couch, nor where they are
heaping

It high with the leaves that whirl o'er
the ground.

FROM THE CLASS POEM OF 1889

AS one who lies beneath an idle sail
Within the shelter of some hollow
shore,
And hears without the ocean's sullen
roar,
Where billows toss their white caps in
the gale ;
Who ponders on some mediæval tale,
Or musing cons an ancient poem o'er,
While, drifting on the tides that out-
ward pour,
He nears the main where tempest shocks
prevail ;

CHOICE

So we: but ere we cut the line of foam
While rhymes of yesterday still fill the
soul
With tenderness and memories of home,
I feel the influences that control
Our lives—the shocks of conflict that
enroll
Us in the lists from which we may not
roam.

CHOICE

LET yours be a day in the merry May
When the world is new and flowers are gay,
'Neath sunny skies expend your sighs,
On languishing maids with tender eyes,

But give me a day when the sea is gray
And the air is filled with the dashing spray,

EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE

Where black rocks rise and the sand-bird
cries
I'd walk with her who has fearless eyes.

THE EPITAPH IN FORM OF A
BALLADE

WHICH MASTER FRANÇOIS VILLON MADE
FOR HIMSELF AND FIVE OF HIS COM-
PANIONS, EXPECTING TO BE HANGED
ALONG WITH THEM

NOR hate nor scorn shall be our meed
to-day,
Stretched black against the faint gray-
golden sky,
Heedless of all ungenerous ye may say,
Helpless we hang, helpless to make
reply.

EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE

Rather in love and sorrow shall ye cry
To Him that hung for all men on the
tree,

And crave, ere that ye also come to
die,

God, in His grace, forgive both us and
thee.

Not all may tread the road of right
always,

Not all the primrose path of pleasure
fly ;

The greater need then, brother man, to
pray—

The greater wrong compassion to deny.

Our joys are spent ; equal we all hang
high ;

All undeserving raise we now our plea,

EPITAPH IN FORM OF A BALLADE

Whose dolorous death doth justice
justify,—
God, in His grace, forgive both us and
thee!

And now the wind shall have us for his
play,
The driving rain shall blanch, the sun
shall dry,
The while in swinging chains aloft we
sway,
Grim warning to the lowly passerby ;—
But ye, that life and laughter glorify—
Ye, that to-day hold love and lands in fee—
Ye, that in pride, sorrow and death
defy—
God, in His grace, forgive both us and
thee!

THE SOUL'S RECALL

L'ENVOI

Prince Christ, in this brief hour of death
be nigh !

Thou that did'st live and die for such
as we—

And ye, that Him again dost crucify,
God, in His grace, forgive both us and
thee !

THE SOUL'S RECALL

SOUL ! you have been far away
Lotos-land and drowsy dreaming—
Never night nor dawn of day,
But shadowy twilight-seeming.

Time to measure flowers that fell,
Rain to kiss in silent falling

THE SOUL'S RECALL

Flowery fields of asphodel,
Poppy-buds enthralling.

The soul that feels the lotos-kiss
Knoweth not to-morrow—
Nor ever glint of golden bliss
Nor crimson stain of sorrow.

Only gray of peace, unending
Slumber-peace—but far away
Where your shadowy stream goes
bending—
Soul! it is the dawn of day!

THE SCHOLAR

HE sits, a scholar, in his garret room
And listens to the tread of centuries,
He reads a thousand books with sober
eyes,
And grapples with the stone before the
tomb ;
Night-music lingers in the evening gloom,
Night-laughter rises to the burning
skies,
For him another song, " Arise ! Arise ! "
Life may be weariness and death be doom.
Men may not scoff, the fierce fires of the
world
Burn hotly with a searing mystery ;

THE FOOL IN LEAR

What though he know not and his soul
be hurled

Down the dark cavern where he cannot
see—

He writes To-morrow with a flaming hand,
And waits for God to let him understand.



THE FOOL IN LEAR

I SEE brown leaves a-blowing.
Sing all! Sing all! this merry lay.
I see black cloud-streams flowing,
And these, alack! must end the play,
For one shall sleep at the dawn of day,
And one shall sleep at the eve,
But I shall sleep at the burning noon.
We three—sweet sleep receive!

SCHUBERT

It's sleep that knows no waking,
One long gloom-nap we're taking,
And a poor Fool's heart is breaking :
Sweet sleep receive !

SCHUBERT

HIS life was short—some thirty years or
so
Were all his span. But, oh, what change-
ful years,
What variance from merriment to tears
This cheerful, struggling man must
undergo !
'Twere pity that his worth men would
not know ;
'Tis hard ; yet left alone, he works, and
rears

SCHUBERT

Himself a name not soon forgot ; his
fears
Of failure spur him on ; 'tis better so.



My sweetheart sang for me the "Sere-
nade"—
"Das Ständchen," that impassioned song
of love,
And ever, as she softly sang and played,
There seemed to come upon me from
above—
From her pure soul—but just this simple
thought :
"Franz Schubert's dead—dead of a
broken heart."

GOD'S WILL⁴

I KNOW, I know where violets blow
Upon a sweet hillside,
And very bashfully they grow
And in the grasses hide—
It is the fairest field, I trow,
In the whole world wide.

One spring I saw two lassies go,
Brown cheek and laughing eye,
They swung their aprons to and fro,
They filled them very high
With violets—then whispered low
So strange, I wondered why.

EXHORTATION

I know where violet tendrils creep
And crumbled tombstones lie,
The green churchyard is silence-deep ;
The village folk go by,
And lassies laugh and women weep,
And God knows why.

EXHORTATION

SHE stands amid the daisies
Shining white beneath the sun,
Blowing, rippling, wanton as her hair,
And the glancing of her eyes
Laughs in sunshine as it flies.
Whisper, winds ! My love is fair.

By chance, she comes at morning
Where the maples shade a path,

EXHORTATION

Birds are piping, scolding, "Have a
care !"

Though in stateliness disdaining
Lo! a primrose—is she feigning?
Foolish birds! My love is fair.

The breakers toss the moonlight
Far adown the gleaming sands ;
Steely clouds are scudding over, where
In two fearless love-lit eyes
Swims a look that speech defies.
Shout it, sea! My love is fair.

DOROTHY


IN happy times and merry whiles
This song might garland o'er with smiles
The newborn love that cradled lies
Within thine eyes:

*When far-off wedding bells achime
Are touched with magic wand,
And life is at the crescent time,
And all is fairy land,
Then Song and Echo in my rhyme
Go straying hand in hand.*

But if thy heart is turned from me,
Then empty is my heart for thee,
And this sad lay is wandering through:

IL BEL CANTO

*When lilting love-songs lose their grace,
And jealousies arise,
And steals a mist across the face,
Where love a-gazing lies,
O then are sobs in Echo's voice
And tears within her eyes.*



IL BEL CANTO

THE nightingale still sings in far Cathay,
Still fairies dance around Titania fair,
But lost, aye lost like dreams of yesterday,
That song has vanished, bodiless as air.

For who can chain the singing of the
spheres?

Or tell to men what song the sirens
sung?

ARAB LOVE SONG

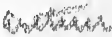
Or summon o'er the waste of weary years
The trembling strains from Orpheus'
lyre wrung?

ARAB LOVE SONG

AWAKE ! awake ! the dawn is near,
The stars have dimmed from out the sky,
From mountain clefts the winds have slid,
The moon hath drawn a silken lid
Across the brightness of her eye,
And I await thee. Oh, arise !
And shake the dream-dew from thine
eyes,
And smile as dreams do. I have crossed
Hot sands and felt the mountain frost
Since morning, all to see thy face,
To feel thy breath upon my hair,

DARK CLOUDS

To kneel down at thy feet and there
Forget all life and time and place.
Sweet, Allah made the morning hour
For thee and me. Thy ring-doves bill
And nestle at thy window-sill,
Cooing. Come forth, O desert flower,
And breathe upon my tired eyes,
Sweeter than flowers of Paradise
In Eden's bloom. Arise! arise!



DARK CLOUDS

DARK clouds of rain and mist
Are hanging in the skies ;
A flower the sun had softly kissed,
In drooping sadness dies.

A breeze is rising mild,
The clouded heaven clears ;

DARK CLOUDS

And nature, like a little child,
Is smiling through her tears.

I would that I might wake
From a strange dream of pain !
But memory's clouds will never break
And give me peace again.

Her soul was like a flower,
Blossoming in her eyes.
Death chose a dark, unguarded hour
To seize that lovely prize.

I live in speechless sorrow,
To memory a slave,
Asleep, awake, to-day, to-morrow,
My heart is in her grave.

THE AURORA

IN the frozen North, where half the year
Is ruled by continuous night,
There gleams a splendor beyond all ken ;
Now too keen for the eyes of men,
And now a nebulous light.

Frozen and fettered the streamers rise,
In an ordered and ominous row.
The moon in winter is not more chill,
Nor steel more hard, nor death more still,
Than the Monarch who holds them so.

But see ! they leap in fierce revolt,
And struggle, and rage, and strain ;

THE AURORA

The luminous streamers writhe and
bound,
And wound the air with a voiceless sound
As they tug at their icy chain.

But vain is the effort, and soon they rise
In a ghastly, radiant ring.
Their bonds are firm, and they may not
forth,
For the souls of men who have died in
the North
Are thrall to the Frozen King!

CASSANDRA

MIDST mellow flutes and glad-voiced
choristers

Silent she stands.

They heed not prayer nor prophecy of
hers,

Nor clasped imploring hands.

Ah, none may hear, the God hath sealed
their ears.

Poor prophetess!

They mock the futile misery of thy fears,
Scoff at thy sharp distress.

Oh, white, beseeching arms, and marvel-
ous,

BALLADE OF PEACEFUL DEFEAT

Reproachful eyes!
The story of your wrongs gleams infamous
Through the dim centuries.

BALLADE OF PEACEFUL
DEFEAT

“I am so old—good-night, Babette——”

—*Austin Dobson.*

OUR day dawned bright; the primrose
way
Before us lay invitingly,
And life seemed one long summer day,—
Beyond the day we could not see.
I would that I could set thee free
In sunny long ago,—and yet
The path has lost its charm for me,
I am so old—good-night, Babette.

BALLADE OF PEACEFUL DEFEAT

The primrose faded into gray;
We lived our love and naught cared
we,
Nor thought to bid the moment stay,
So sure its fellow seemed to be.
Life is no more an ecstasy,
For love is lost in vain regret;
Age grants us but tranquillity;
I am so old—good-night, Babette.

The sunny summer sped away
And autumn's crimson brilliancy;
December follows hard on May,
And rest replaces revelry.
The fog drifts shoreward from the sea,
Kissing the waving dune-grass wet,
And Father Time demands his fee,
I am so old—good-night, Babette.

AFTERWHILE

L'ENVOI

Dear, once for us the skies were gay,
And now, when wintry clouds are met,
Old age its willing debt must pay.
I am so old—good-night, Babette.

AFTERWHILE

THERE was one I knew—'tis the mist of
a dream,
When the sunlight fell with a checkered
gleam
O'er the gray and the brown of the
lichened wall
And the haloed summer over all
Lay droning drearily.

AFTERWHILE

The wood thrush chirred to his mate on
the hill,

While beyond in the browning hay fields
still

The toilers labored wearily.

But that was a day and a year ago,

And where love is dead, time moves but
slow.

Aye, that was a day and a year ago!

When the bluebird trilled in the garden
bloom

And the song in my heart was the lilt of
June.

Ah, where love is dead, time moves but
slow

And the task of the toiler is heavy with
woe.

AFTERWHILE

Yet the memory of one that I knew
 remains,
Like blossoms crushed by the summer
 rains,
Seen afar through a haze of tears.

Aye, that was a day and a year ago!
The thrush yet sings to his mate on the
 hill,
But the echo of love in my heart is still.
Ah, where love is dead, time moves but
 slow
And the task of the toiler is heavy with
 woe.

For the wind weeps low under the eaves,
And tosses and worries the broken leaves,
While it sports with my love that is dead.

A LOST MEMORY

LISTENING in the twilight, very long ago,
To a sweet voice singing very soft and
low.

Was the song a ballad of a lady fair
Saved from deadly peril by a bold
corsair?

Or a song of battle, and a flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten—'tis so long ago.

Scarcely half remembered, more than
half forgot,
I can only tell you what the song was
not.

A LOST MEMORY

Memory unfaithful has not kept that
 strain,
Heard once in the twilight—never heard
 again.

Every day brings twilight, but no twilight
 brings
To my ear that music on its quiet wings.

After autumn sunsets, in the dreamy
 light,
When long summer evenings deepen into
 night,

All that I am sure of, is that, long ago,
Someone sang at twilight, very sweet
 and low.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS

So it goes that love is blind,
And they say he cannot see ;
Search the traverse of the wind,
Where an elf as sharp as he ?

In the mesh of fairy hair
There's a beauty that's as rare
As the splendor of the sun,
In the noonday of his run.
In the langour of her eye
There's a depth of heaven-blue,
Like the zenith of the sky
When the moon goes gliding through.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS

In the beauty of her hair
Dwells the eye of gallant love,
While his fellow elves are sleeping,
Not an elfin of them peeping ;
In the brilliance of her glance,
He will lead her in the dance,
While his fellow elves are sleeping,
Every elf the stillness keeping.

Then when stirs nor wind nor willow—
Ere the sky betrays the dawn—
Love will rest her on her pillow,
With a kiss—and then he's gone.
Then the laggard elves, a-trooping
From their bowers of flowrets twined,
Mark the eyes of love a-drooping,
And they jeer him that he's blind.

DUSK AND DAWN

SOFT twilight shades, scarce darkness,
scarcely day,

Faint strains of music fading on the breeze,
Ring-doves a-cooing where the willows
play

Lethean lullabys among the trees,
And in the gathering gloom my lady
dreams.

Light clouds afloat upon a field of blue,
A soaring lark's full-throated melody,
A flower, new-opened, with the clinging
dew

On each frail petal quivering timorously,
And sunbeams dancing, as my lady wakes.

FROM THE CLASS POEM OF 1896

DEEP in the meadow grass

A rose was born,

The cherished nursling of a summer
morn ;

Nor romping lad or lass,

Nor priest nor swain,

Who chanced along the winding meadow
lane

Espied its pale pure bloom, or ever knew

How its fair petals, kissed by sun and
dew,

Had opened rathe, and at the bending blue

O'erhead had smiled

E'en as a sleeping child,

FROM THE CLASS POEM OF 1896

Touched by soft mother-lips at dawn
Smiles as it wakens, happy to be drawn
Out of the land where sweet dream-fan-
cies be
Into a far more sweet reality.

In lowly beauty day by day
The wee rose bloomed, then drooped and
passed away ;
Yet was its gentle life not lost on earth,
Though all unmarked its dying and its
birth,—
For once a wild bird, clinging to its spray,
Was gladdened by the flower,
And all one joyous hour
Outpoured its little heart unto the skies
In ecstasy of song ;
And far away,

OUT OF THE NIGHT

Plodding the dusty road along,
With doubting, downcast eyes,
Was one who heard
The rapturous carol of the bird,
And drank its meaning deep into his
heart,
And wist not that a rose had played its
part.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

IF in the night there comes a bird
That on your window beats its wings,
As once the Raven's wings were heard,
You question not what song it sings
Before the shutters open free.
Perhaps a raven, dark of race ;
Enough it wanders homelessly
And seeks the comfort of your face.

MARCH

And will you ask from whence I come
Who now have drifted to your feet,
From what dark place or pleasant home,
And by what ways have traveled,
sweet?

Perhaps I've buried in the earth
Some secret sins and hidden fears,
For, after all, a heart is worth
Only the tenderness it bears.

MARCH

SUMMER, banished far away,
Sat alone and wept one day,
Gone the glow upon her cheek,
Rent her garments, tresses torn,
Disappointed and forlorn,
Sobbed she there and did not speak.

VESPER SONG

But warm-hearted Auster, stirred
By the sobbing that he heard,
Roused the winds; with might and
main

Battled they by day and night;
Boreas was put to flight,
Summer came to earth again.

VESPER SONG

THE sun is dead in the hills
And the moon is born of the sea,
The flushed east glows a paling rose
And the dark falls over me—
Song of the wailing twilight breeze,
Carry me where you go
Out through the swaying poplar trees
All in a silver row,

VESPER SONG

Sing me a gentle slumber song
In cadence low.

The moon is dead in the sky
And the sun is born of the sea,
All night long I have dreamed the song
That the night wind brought to me—
Sun of a thousand gleaming eyes
Sparkling above the wave,
Burning the racing moon that tries
Hide in her western grave,
Burn in my heart the vesper song
You grudging gave.

MARGARET

WHEN she came to us, all this earth
Seemed steeped in Springtime bliss,
May donned a garb of flowers and mirth,
And April left a sunny kiss
To greet her when she came.

The flowers seemed fairer where she
walked,
And when the song birds heard
Her rippling laughter, light as air,
They sang sweet songs, that ne'er had
stirred
Our hearts until she came.

A VESTAL

Her speech was music, and her heart
Was pure as morning dew ;
Her very footfall on the stair
Made melody. We never knew
Such peace until she came.

A VESTAL

SHE muses while the sunbeams creep
In slanting piers of light,
She muses when the shadows creep
About the fire at night.

Troops of to-morrows cross her thought
In happy Junes and Mays,
And ghosts of dim Septembers fraught
With kindly yesterdays.

QUESTUS AMORIS

Hers is the Vestal's waiting air,
The silence sweet and weird,
More wisdom nestles in her hair
Than crouched in Nestor's beard.

And all her terms of nights and days
The world's first dreamings fill,
She moves among forgotten ways,
Unvisited and still.

QUESTUS AMORIS

'TWERE better in some soulless solitude
To wake the taunting echoes' mirthless
jeer,
Than that my song should be again
renewed
To one who will not hear.

QUESTUS AMORIS

'Twere better, kneeling there, to let the
skies

With their vast light take the last beam
from me

Than let Love look its yearnings thro' my
eyes

To one who will not see.

'Twere better that the tears of voiceless
pain

Should in the cooling snow their warmth
conceal.

Nor more nor less than mist of summer
rain

To one who will not feel.

'Twere better that the heart had never
learned

To raze all else and place her throne above.

WITH PASSING YEARS

Heart, life, and soul—an offering vainly
burned

To one who will not love.

WITH PASSING YEARS

I

I LOVED thee as a child, and chased
Thy oft-delaying flight, with breathless
glee,

Through laurels and down lilac lanes from
which

I shook the dew as I pursued and thou
did'st flee.

It was thy gold, O butterfly,
That caught the childish fancy of my eye,
But when within my hands thy powdered
gold fell off,

WITH PASSING YEARS

I cast thee by to weep,
And then again in dreams I'd chase thee
in my sleep.

II

I love thee still and in a passive way
I sit and watch thy full content to sip
The brightly sparkling nectars that the
shades
Of night have brewed upon the languid
lily's lip.
I see thy dalliance, butterfly,
That makes the rose to blush a deeper dye ;
I watch thee chase thy shadow in the
tulips' bed
In quiet summer hours ;
I laugh, and thou art lost among some
sweeter flowers.

THE WAITING YEAR

TWICE lingers on her way the fleeting
year:

In April first—the darksome winter
past—

She smiles through happy tears that
follow fast,

And prescient of the Maytime loitering
near,

She waits in listening mood, perchance to
hear

Some faint heraldic note of wandering
bird,

THE WAITING YEAR

Some whispered hint, some confidential
word,
Of pregnancy, in bare boughs and mead-
ows sere.

Anon she lingers in the arms of Death,
Shorn of her glory, yet withal content
To feel upon her cheek his chilling
breath ;
Her birds and blossoms gone, she too
must go.

'Neath gray November skies, with head
low-bent,
She waits the benediction of the snow.

SONG

CRADLE'S quiet,

Sing low,

The stars have a dreamy glow,

From under their shadowy veil they peep ;

Blue eyes, they are laughing at you asleep.

Sing low.

Peace of the night,

Come down,

The breeze is cool in the town,

The fire-flies light in the murky shade

The dream-towers that the fairies made.

Come down.

THE BELL

Cradle's quiet,
Still—still,
A light glows over the hill,
And the leaves that danced since the rest-
ful noon
Are asleep, are asleep in the shine of the
moon.
Still—still.

THE BELL

IN my ear there sorrows a mournful
bell—
Hush, 'tis the throstle's art !
The skies are blue, and the breezes swell—
But the shadows start,
And slow as the pulse of a fear-sick heart
Is the knell !

SONG

It tolls and it tolls, for a passing chime ;
Hush, 'tis the zephyr's breath !
The breezes blow, and the blossoms
climb—

But the slow voice saith,
Follow ! for now is the hour of death,
It is time !

SONG

WHAT must be must be, little one,
The dark night follow the day,
And the ebbing tide to the seaward glide
Across the moonlit bay.

What must be must be, little one,
The winter follow the fall,
And the prying wind an entrance find
Through the chinks of the cottage wall.

A WATER-LILY

What must be must be, little one,
The brown hair turn to gray,
And the soul like the light of the early
 night
Slip gently far away.

A WATER-LILY

ONE soft May night a wandering star
 bent down
And kissed its image in the gloomy lake,
And with the morn there rose a golden
 crown,
Pearl-strewn with dewdrops for the lost
 star's sake.

SONG

WHEN chimney tops are capped with
snow

And the gray sun his face doth hide
And lassies' cheeks do sweetly glow
And tinkling sleigh-bells echo wide,
Old Snook, from chilling cold or gale
Well-sheltered, sips his cheerful ale.

When winter trees stand on the hill,
White-robed beneath the midnight moon,
And the clear air is crisp and still,
Sharp-whistled rings the traveler's tune,
Old Snook snores merrily away,
And dreams of cheer to-morrow day,
Of fireside cheer to-morrow day.

TRANSMIGRATION

THE shadows lay
Stretched on the rank-grown grass
And felt the day
With noiseless footfall pass
Into the dark.

So still she went,
Her feathery falling tread,
In passing, bent
Scarcely the daisy's head,
White in her path.

Her robe just swept
Breeze-like the unshorn field,
And where she stepped

TRANSMIGRATION

The nodding grasses yield
Drowsy farewell.

Think you she hied,
Enamored of the Sun,
Where his flush dyed
With red th' horizon's dun,
To his embrace?

From star to star,
Through weary æons borne,
She wends afar,
To kiss each waking morn
In a new world.

Sometime will cease
Her weary round, and she
Will be at peace
In the immensity
Where days are not.

THE NORNS

AFAR in the land of the midnight sun,
Where the great lights flash o'er a frozen
 sea,

Forever they sit until time is done,
The merciless Norns, the sisters three.

And one is young and fair of face,
And ever she sings as she spins away,
 With careless fingers and maiden grace,
The threads of life that begin to-day.

And one is fair as a full-blown flower
That has felt the warmth of the summer
 sun.

THE NORNS

With roses or thorns, each passing hour,
She decks the threads that the first has
 spun.

But the third is haggard and old and
 sere,
With ashen lips and hopeless eyes,
 Yet sharp on the thread, as it draweth
 near,
She snaps her shears like an iron vise.

Now the first is sweet as a day in
 spring,
And the second fair as a summer morn,
 But the sweetest gift that the sisters
 bring,
Men say, are the shears of the last gray
 Norn.

RACHAEL AT RAMA

SOMETIMES love's flood tide will flow
back again,

The bloom of life depart.

Sometimes the eyes we love grow dull,
and then

God breaks the heart.

Awake the pain throbs which we thought
to lull

Before the day was done,

And saddened steps, slow-paced and
sorrowful,

Wend wandering on.

PENELOPE

God's misty mantle clasps us in the fold,
In a dim, lonely place ;
We lift sad eyes afar and there behold
The great, sweet Face.

PENELOPE

ACROSS the dim and gray Ithacan sea
Thine eyes, unwearied, gleam upon us
still ;
The gods, to show to men their sover-
eign will,
Take here and there a soul-type, such as
thee,
Not only for Ulysses, but for me.
Deep in the darken'd night, with
patient skill, .

PENELOPE

Weaving, slowly unweaving, didst
thou fill

Thy woof with deeds that gleam eternally,
Fairer than all the shapes of lotos-dream-
ing.

How well Ulysses, with temptations
by,

Saw that unending life to him were
vain,

If thou were not beside him, wisely deem-
ing

For a brave soul 'twere better far to
die

In Right than live in an immortal
shame.

TRUE DRAKE AND GENTLEMAN JOCEYLIN

TRUE DRAKE and Gentleman Joceylin
Ha' grippit each a hand
And lookit wi' the broad deep love
O' two strong men that understand.

"The years may be long and sad, Drake,
Wi' grim death running thro',
But swear you will love me as true, Drake,
As ever I love you."

"Now do I swear by God, Joceylin,
And by our good Lord's birth,
I'll love you deeper and truer, Joceylin,
Than any man upon this earth."

DRAKE AND JOCEYLIN

Gentleman Joceylin 's bowed his head
And gone alone apart,
And he has found two sailor men
And opened out his heart.

“ You shall be my first mate, Jock,
And wear a coat o' pride,
And you shall be my second, Frank,
Wi' a bright brand at your side.

“ And ye shall ha' a pot o' gold
To spend on Rose and May,
To buy them gowns an' gilliflowers
Upon the wedding day.

“ And ye shall ha' broad bloomy lands,
Wi' castles on a hill,
When ye shall show me Captain Drake
All cold and stark and still.”

DRAKE AND JOCEYLIN

It is the little cabin boy
That's heard this wicked talk,
And he is gone to Captain Drake
Where he does scheme and walk.

And it's "Captain Drake, my Captain
Drake,
His blood be on his head,
I overhearit Joceylin,
And this is what he said:

" ' Now ye shall ha' broad bloomy lands,
Wi' castles on a hill,
When ye shall show me Captain Drake
All cold and stark and still.' "

True Drake has called his good crew aft
And looked them in the eye,

DRAKE AND JOCEYLIN

“There be three men o’ you,” quo’ he,
“As fain would see me die.”

Ye might ha’ heard the sea-fish swim
When Jock uprist and spake,
“It is na’ I, but Joceylin,
For truth, my Captain Drake.”

Ye might ha’ heard the holt rats squeak
When Frank uprist and spake,
“It is na’ I, but Joceylin,
For truth, my Captain Drake.”

True Drake has ta’en a hempin rope
And made a knot therein,
And he has twined it round the neck
O’ his friend Joceylin,

And he has hangit him to the yard
To hang till he is dead.

DRAKE AND JOCEYLIN

“ Pray for his soul,” then True Drake
cried ;

“ His blood is on his head ! ”

True Drake has ta'en two hempin ropes
And made two knots therein,
And he has hangit Frank and Jock
On either side o' Joceylin.

“ All that ye did in duty true
It shall be writ unto the end,
But Christ ha' mercy on your souls
That ha' betrayed my dearest friend.”

True Drake has ta'en a hard tarred rope
(I wot it was twinit cruel thin),
And he has whippit the cabin boy
That overhearit Joceylin.

DRAKE AND JOCEYLIN

They ha' taken Joceylin from the yard
And laid him in his place,
And wrappit him wi' winding sheets
Save only his fair face.

True Drake has droppit on his knee
And taken Joceylin's two hands
And lookit on him wi' the love
Of a strong man that understands.

"Now do I swear by God, Joceylin,
And by our Right Lord's birth,
I love you deeper and truer, Joceylin,
Than any man upon this earth."

True Drake has crossed the two limp hands
Upon the cold dead breast,
And he has kissit Joceylin
And prayed his soul to rest.

A THRENODY

“Stand by to lay him in the sea,
My guns shall mark him to his place,
Haul down yon flag to half the mast . . .
Now—cover my friend's face.”

A THRENODY

THE dead, they say, are well, whether
there be

A recompense to them a hundred fold,
For life and toil, of happiness untold,
Or dreamless sleep into eternity.

I would not, then, recall thee selfishly
To living anguish, long endured of old :
Though well I know, when lost love's
knell was tolled,

The feet of night and death were tramp-
ling me ;

THRENODY

But knowing that thou, weary, hast found
 peace,
Resigned am I to grieving. Let the
 rage
Of life the merry, reckless world en-
 gage ;
My days are left forlorn, like forest trees
 Robbed by the wintry wrath of foliage,
To harp the wild wind's homeless har-
 monies.

RUBAÍYÁT

I

THE quiet Land of Sleep lies far away
Beyond the misty Portals of the Day,
Not all the silent journey fare at will,
Tho' none the drowsy Porter needs must
pay.

II

There rise the unfathomed springs of
sweet Surprise.
Where What we Know, at Naishápúr,
outvies
In wonder the Unknown and yet is there
Discerned thro' all the strangeness of its
guise.

RUBAÍYAT

III

And there, transformed by alchemy of
 night,
The ever-baffling puzzles of the light,
 The weary tangles in the Thread of Life,
Lie all unravel'd to our clearer sight.

IV

But what, O Sáki, if this land of Youth
And sweet Delight be yet the land of
 Truth?

Do we that bear the burden of the noon
Bear it but vainly, striving to our ruth?

V

Yet may we trust, tho' long deferred our
 quest
And far away the Islands of the Blest,

RUBAÍYÁT

The unfolded roll of Fate to read at last,
And, trusting this, be careless of the rest.

VI

For Love that guards us Here shall guide
us There
And still shall guide beyond the Portals,
where,
When the great Riddle is at last re-
solv'd,
Shall break at even's close a Dawn more
fair.

AT EVEN

OVER the fields the sunset glows,
Pale and amber, pink and rose,

The steepled clock strikes solemnly,
Two times three, two times three.

The daytime hum of the town is still,
The gleaners come from the russet hill,

The dark steals into the dusky skies,
Like sleepy light in children's eyes.

I dream and hear the church-bell ring,
With a never-varying solemn swing,

AT EVEN

Every night in the seasons four,
Till the ivy covers the creaking door,

Till the beams of the old spire crumble
down,
And the churchyard tombstones turn to
brown,

Wearily, slowly, peacefully,
Two times three, two times three.

AN INTERLUDE

THE wood-thrush sings no more—no
more.

The coulee brook runs slow
Through choking leaves, and the forest
floor

Is red as a sunset glow,
And with the still frost in the air
Hangs melancholy everywhere.

The glory of November days!
The forest a chameleon is,
From green it blazes red, then fades
To browns and yellows, last to grays,
And dies in mournful dust-drab shades.

AN INTERLUDE

The wood-thrush sings no more—no
more,

The far-stretched forest slowly dies,
The ripple of the breeze comes through
As fall the dead leaves one and two.
Long since away the wood-thrush flew.

The glory of November days!
The clear-voiced west wind sings aloud
Till vanishes the soft gray haze
And comes the clinging first snow shroud.

TENDER AND COOL IS THE
NIGHT

TENDER and cool is the night,
And the day is sweet,
But the sweetest is where the light
And the darkness meet.

Sweet is the man's glad day
And the maiden's dream,
But sweetest the joinèd way,
Love's votaries deem.

CRADLE SONG

SOFT blue eyes and curly head,
Even elves have gone to bed,
And the sand-man tiptoes down
Starry steps of dreamy-town ;
He can catch you if he tries,
Curly head and soft blue eyes.

Somber night with spectral pall
Sinks upon the ivied wall,
Day hath found her western grave,
Shadowy branches weirdly wave,
Deep beyond the drowsy rill
Sings the lonesome whippoorwill.

SLEEP

Pealing, pealing, chimes come stealing
Through the air with slumber-feeling.
'Tis some fairy twilight lyre,
'Tis the vesper in the spire,
'Tis the music stealing down
Star-steps of Oblivion-Town.

SLEEP

DOWN through the mist of half-forgotten
things
Tired spirits sink beneath night's slum-
berous sea
And, lapped in dream-waves, hear soft
murmurings
Of Life's blest prelude to Eternity.

VILLANELLE

IN my castle in Spain

There are treasures unseen—

Ah, that dreams were not vain !

Great pomp I maintain,

And the State is serene

In my castle in Spain.

More blissful my reign

Than the Cæsars', I ween :

Ah, that dreams were not vain !

When my fancy is fain,

There is revelry keen

In my castle in Spain.

BLOCK ISLAND

But if one guest would deign
To be oftener seen——
(Ah, that dreams were not vain !)

Is there need to explain ?
Who, then, should be queen
In my castle in Spain ?
Ah, that dreams were not vain !

BLOCK ISLAND

To sleep invites the warm bright air
In shadeless hollows resting, where
The chirping crickets move among
Red, drooping clover heads upsprung
From plots of green that slumber
there.

BLOCK ISLAND

Outside, the sea is sparkling fair,
With ripples idly beating, ere
 Upon the sand in silence flung
 To sleep.

Now stirs a lazy breeze, to bear
Still heavier summons to repair
 To porches, and in hammocks hung
 Hear naught but rustling grasses swung
Till fallen, free from any care,
 To sleep.

THE CYNIC

HE is not like the other boys
Who play Love's game of Hood-man
Blind.
While others draw their world-sweet toys,
A little hearse he drags behind.

A DIRGE

*Where my grave lies wide and white,
White and wide,
Will she come and weep to-night?*
When the somber-skirted winds
Surge across the snow,
Clasp me in their flowing garments,
Pass his grave and sweep away and go,

A DIRGE

I will kneel and weep and weep
Through his dreaming and his sleep
Till my grief is told,
And the sorrow in my heart
Numb with frost and cold.

*I would lie so peacefully
Could she sorrow over me.
Where my grave lies wide and white,
White and wide,
Will she come and weep to-night?*

When the spring steals over him,
Lurks in leaf and bud,
And the balmy winds float by,
And their music creeps into my blood,
I will soothe him with my sighs
Mixed with moaning melodies,

A DIRGE

That his soul may rest ;
I will smother all the pain
Deep within my breast.

*Where the shadow covers me
From the headstone tall and white,
White and tall,
While she come and weep to-night ?*

When the leaves whirl over him,
And the skies are gray,
And the sobbing winds go by
To and fro where my lost love done lay,
I will cover the last embers
Of the joy that youth remembers,
I will fold him there
In the bosom of my sorrow
And the heart of my despair.

MOON-WINE

*Where the moon is cold and bright
And my grave lies wide and white,
White and wide,
Will she come and weep to-night?*

MOON-WINE

WHO knows what the moon discovers
By wizard wood and stream?
How many slow night-rovers
Pass through her shade and gleam?
How many silent lovers
Look up in her face and dream?

But if they would only listen
And watch what the glow-worms do,
That out of the leaves new risen
Flicker the forest through,

MOON-WINE

They might learn why the moonlight's
glisten
Makes faded love seem true.

For wherever the glow-worm, blinking,
Comes to a lost moonbeam,
He shows six goblins drinking,
Their lips in the slender stream.
But I never have seen them. I'm thinking
It may be a witch-wife's dream.

THE SONG OF THE SAILOR'S SON

IN the valleys, on the hills,
I can hear the deep sea sing ;
By the little meadow rills
I can feel the spin-drift sting.

I can see the leaden ocean,
I can taste the bitter brine,
I can balance to the motion
Through this heritage of mine.

Know : I am my father's son,
And a sailorman was he,
So my life is just begun
When I shall put out to sea.

SONG FROM "PHOCION AND
CHLORIS "

Phocion :

NOW while brown doves are brooding in
your eyes

Give me your lute and listen while I sing.

(Sings.)

Flower of the rose,
Open thy petals and the dew disclose
Caught from the morning! Ah! hide
not too long

Thy silken folds among,

In crimson splendor,

Thy nestling tender!

“*PHOCION AND CHLORIS*”

Open, for love and light are fair,
The golden glories of Apollo's hair
Stream on the dotted leas
And on the midmost purple of the seas.

Chloris :

O dim sea !
Haunt of the white pearl
Where the corals curl
Their crystal edges dreamingly !
Thou whose children wear
Inwoven in their hair
A light that draws the sailors down the
wet ways of despair !
In whose green, silken glisten
The sea-nymphs pause and listen
And the sea-monsters lift their heads and
stare !

DRINKING TEA

No water-child am I,
But an earth-maiden who must love and
die—

* * * * *

Ah! see, my music's tangled in the
strings.

You should not kiss me till the song was
done.

DRINKING TEA

CLAUDE and Mabel drinking tea,
And the cat, too ; that made three.
In the twilight, pensively,

“ Claude,” said Mabel, half in jest,
“ Which of us is happiest ? ”

“ Faith,” said Claude, “ you know, my dear,
I am happy, being here ;

DRINKING TEA

“ You are happy, I construe,
Simply because you are you.”

So they smiled, well pleased thereat,
Let the problem rest at that,—
But they quite forgot the cat.

ENVOY

TO SIDNEY ROBINSON KENNEDY

*The golden days that will not come again :
Battell rings cut its call, yet I remain ;
Your fire is whitening fast, as on the sill
I knock my ashes out and hear the chill,
Unending fall of the New Haven rain
Beat noisily against your window pane.
We heed it not : our castles are in Spain,
And dreams of conquest worth the winning
fill
The golden days.*

*They come not back to us ; that happy train
Of dreams has vanished with their dear de-
mesne,
Yet have they left their benison, for still
The selfsame sympathy for good or ill
Is ours to-day, altho' we seek in vain
The golden days.*



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